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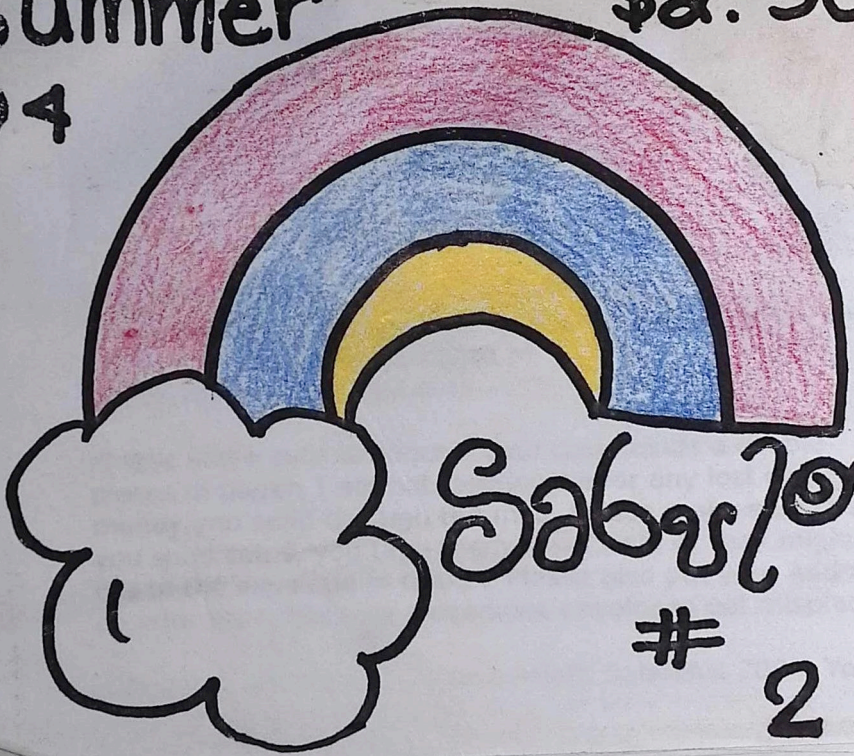

Sabulous

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This zine is available wholesale for $1.25 apiece for 6 or more copies. I will accept distro credit in exchange for my zines, but no consignment please.

iNtRo

For quite awhile after I published Sabulous #1, I thought maybe I'd give up the whole zine thing. I got a little weary of zine drama, and lurked in places I normally participated in actively. My distro had been doing a very slow business, and I was too broke to get much new stock. I considered closing it down, and leaving everything zine related behind. But I love the form. I love that I don't have to submit my work to anyone else for approval to publish it. I love making tiny books to send out to strangers who will possibly become friends or fans. And I love my distro. It keeps me in touch with what others out there are doing. If I weren't

always on the lookout for new stock, I'd probably read about half as many zines as I do currently. It gives me ideas, and it gives me a project to occupy myself with. So I decided to stay with the zine thing, but to take somewhat of a break from it. I think the break lasted about a week. I have a renewed interest in zines, and every time I turn around now, I'm inspired to write something new. It's definitely a good thing. So let's dive right in to my newest issue. Enough babble already.

Childhood Pal: Y'ne

I spent my 2nd grade year in Missouri City, Texas. We were renting a house from some people from my church, and I remember my bedroom was pink and white. I remember that Fort Bend schools that year had decided to experiment with open concept classrooms, and it really distracted me. (For those unsure of open concept classrooms, they were essentially overgrown cubicles. There were no doors, and you could hear all the other teachers on your hall teaching different things. I am still not sure to this day why they thought that would be a good idea.) The only positive thing

about school that year I remember was learning phonics, which helped me not only with reading, but in high school, learning French was that much easier because of the basic phonics knowledge I had.

I didn't really like living in Missouri City, to tell you the truth. I disliked my school, I wasn't fond of the teacher, and I was angry with my parents for two reasons. One was that my little sister got so much of their attention, and the other was that we kept moving around and I had to keep making new friends, which was hard on me, because I was very introverted back then.

But one day, I met a neighbor girl a few houses down named Y'ne. I met her the summer after 2nd grade. She was a year older than me, which explains why we never met in school. She and I soon became inseparable. We both loved to watch The Monkees reruns. She and I would get dressed up in order to watch our Monkees. She and I traded off on wearing her feather boa, and I would supply perfume samples, because my mom was an Avon distributor. We had

toy makeup kits too, and would make sure we were wearing way too much so we were presentable for our Monkees. My favorite was Mickey. She liked Davy. I wonder if we really thought they could see us when they came on TV. I don't remember if we did or not. In any case, it was a daily ritual to dress up and watch the show. Afterwards we'd play outside, ride bikes, whatever.

Y'ne introduced me to horror movies too. I saw Child's Play and Nightmare on Elm Street at her house. I hated them, and was convinced my dolls were going to murder me in the night. I put all the dolls in my room into the toy box and stole my parents' biggest and heaviest books to weigh down the lid so the dolls couldn't kill me in my sleep. I wasn't allowed to play with Y'ne for a few weeks after that incident.

Eventually we were allowed to play together again, and Y'ne would make up wild stories about her brother doing outrageous things. She claimed her brother used their

closets as a toilet, and that their mom had to clean up after him like he was a cat. I was skeptical, but ended up believing her, because her brother was pretty gross. The sad thing was, this boy was a teenager and was interested in girls, and some even seemed interested in him!

I'm sure that if Y'ne's mom had been home more often, we wouldn't have gotten up to some of the mischief we did. Her mother was a single mom, though, and worked more often than not. We used to eat all their good junk food. Y'ne would ask her mom for money, and was told to take some out of her purse, but she'd always take more than her mom had said to take. We would spend it at the Mexican candy store. There were always guys hanging around outside of it, and Y'ne told me they were her pals. They gave her free candy sometimes, but I told her not to take candy from a

stranger. She did anyway. The guys always touched my hair and called me Blondie, or some other name that was Spanish, but I was very uncomfortable when they were around. I endured it in order to go inside and buy Chick-O-Sticks and an occasional chocolate bar. But mostly just Chick-O-Sticks.

But alas, my friendship with Y'ne came to an end one winter afternoon when we moved yet again across the city. I threatened to tie myself to the tree, to glue my hands to the carpet, anything so we wouldn't have to move again, because Y'ne was fun and the best friend I'd ever had. But in the end, my parents won, and I never saw Y'ne again. I wonder what she's up to. Unfortunately, I have no way to contact her, and am not even sure she'd remember me. Thus is the story of my life, though. I've left countless pals behind. (Hint: this will be a series for awhile til I run out of childhood pals to discuss.)

eight

When The Cops Became Involved in Our Relationship, I Knew It Was Doomed

I don't think I've ever told anyone this.

When I was a sophomore in college, I was questioned by the police about my then-boyfriend's potentially illegal activities.

I was asked to go to the station after my class. I sat down in an interrogation room with the two-way mirror, and was asked questions about what he'd done. My answers were taped, and I had to sign a sworn statement about what I said. At first I felt obligated to lie for my then-boyfriend, but once I put together what had happened, I felt betrayed and angry, and told them what I suspected had happened, all the while maintaining my innocence, which was the absolute truth. I had had no idea about any of this until the police had questioned me. Of course, there were things that, looking back, should've made me suspicious, but I was

pretty trusting at the time. I was more worried about being cheated on than anything else.

What happened was this: my boyfriend at the time was stealing credit card numbers to buy porn on the Internet. And the jackass was having them mailed to my freakin' mail box on campus.

He and I both worked in the mailroom on campus, and he was forging my signature for the packages he ordered, which was against policy. He would wait till our supervisor went to lunch and he was alone, and sign for the packages when no one would notice it. (A couple times, a weird package would come for me and he would tell me that he'd ordered something here for a gift for his parents, and didn't

want them to know about it, so I'd sign for it for him, and just give it to him, no questions asked. Like I said, I was trusting.) I had no knowledge that he was actually stealing porn, and for the most part, he kept his stolen porn hidden from me. I left him alone in my dorm room a lot, because I had to work, so I suspect he watched it a lot when I was out working or in class and he was chilling in my room. I did see some of Girls Gone Wild once, but I figured he had just come up with some extra money somehow and ordered it through the mail. I eventually found out that he was a thief and made him return everything he had stolen. At first he refused and played dumb until I told him I had had a policeman hunting me down, accuse ME of fraud and theft because the items were sent to MY mailbox. He got freaked out when I mentioned the police, and returned it. They eventually questioned him, and he lied his way out of it somehow. As far as I know, he didn't steal anything that

was so easily traceable again. But I'm fairly sure he continued to steal things. I have a supposedly Prada purse he gave me as a gift, which I believe is a knock-off that I don't even like. He just randomly gave it to me, for no reason at all. It was very suspicious. I wanted to make him return it, but he refused to, saying he'd thrown away the receipt and wanted me to have it. He always was turning up with new things, even though he was in debt to me and to his father.

The sad thing was, this wasn't the biggest issue in our relationship. The thing that makes me the angriest about the episode with the police was that my job was put into jeopardy due to my association with this boy. The director of residence life pulled me aside and asked what had happened. I managed to spin it, to tell him I had just found out about it, and that I was about to dump the guy, that I understood why he was concerned, etc. But I was very close

to being in trouble for something I didn't even do.

Anyway, eventually I got out of that horrible relationship, and started writing a lot. Ever since that day in the cop's interrogation room, I've been trying to write a story that starts, "When the police got involved in our relationship, I knew it was over." I never have been able to get past that first sentence, though. Maybe it wasn't meant to start out that way, maybe it's too flippant or whimsical, but that was the defining moment for me, when I realized I had to get out. And luckily, I did.

I haven't heard much about my ex, though I used to see him around campus, looking very gray in the face and quite bloated. It was as if he had spent time inside one of our lovely state institutions. He looked completely drained of all life, and I was glad to see that his spirit had been broken somehow, after all the torment he put me through, not the least of which was this little episode I just related to you.

Ugh, Girls Gone Wild: Arrested Development calls it Girls with Low Self Esteem, as it should be.

I stay up late at night usually, because I'm a night person. I usually leave the TV on to keep me company. And what's on late night TV? A lot of Girls Gone Wild commercials. I don't mind the commercials, though having seen the videos,

they're not too exciting or hot. But there is one thing that bothers me. There are no fat girls going wild.

I don't even mean obese women. I mean, all the girls on those tapes are skin and bones. If they look a pound over 115, they're not on the tapes. And I don't know about you, but I like my girls plump. And I'm talking 175 lbs or more. I *know* I'm not alone in this.

I wonder if there is a market for Fat Girls Gone Wild. Or if the word fat irritates you, substitute euphemism of your choice. I mean, those girls on the tapes are dull dull dull. They're not interesting looking at all. There have to be at least a few guys (and girls) out there who would rather see bigger girls baring their boobs. I mean, the tapes aren't all that exciting, but I wouldn't mind watching them if there were fat chicks. I do mind being bombarded with the

message that the only girls who should show their tits are the skinny ones.

It's clear to me that the makers of this video think that larger women aren't sexy. And that's just not the case at all.

Online cliques

Online cliques are the new sorority of the cyber world. The idea behind these cliques usually are having open applications to join the group, usually centered around appearance standards that differ by group. The applicant posts her picture and is judged either worthy or unworthy to join the group.

I know there are probably sorority members out there who will claim that sororities aren't nearly as bad, that they do

charity work, whatever. I have never seen a sorority that approves members who are unattractive by their standards. Never. Even legacy people have to be attractive enough or they will not be approved.

The main difference, I suppose, is that online cliques don't have a membership fee, they don't usually do charity work, and they are based online. Sororities are more complex, have more rules, and more events, because they've been around longer. Wait long enough and if these online cliques continue, no doubt they'll have events, donation drives, and rules. Maybe even a membership fee.

Before you get on my case for dogging sororities, I don't have a lot against them. I think they're frivolous and a waste of money. I think that their members are paying for friends, most of who won't turn out to be true friends in the end. But if you have the money and the mentality to join

one, go right ahead. Some people's lives are enriched by joining sororities. I don't think I am one of those people who would gain anything by joining one, other than a headache.

But I feel that online cliques as they exist right now, take all the worst things about sororities and put them together, with none of their positive points. I urge everyone to avoid groups like that, to not apply for membership, and maybe the online clique phenomenon will die out, as it should.

RA Stories

When I was an RA (Resident Asssitant), Chris, Lisa and I would often trek out to Chuy's to get some Tex-Mex food and get away from the dorms. I think Lisa and I bonded because we were the only ones who were willing to room

with Amy (our new area coordinator, who was replacing Elisa, a well-loved AC, so Amy was bound to be hated at first) on our work retreat, and because we had many things in common. I remember us telling Amy all the ghost stories all night, because she had heard things about her apartment being haunted, so Lisa and I told her all about it. Chris and I had been in the RA class together, so we knew each other, and got along well. We all hung out a lot at the RA meetings and events, and eventually started hanging out together outside RA-related things.

Anyway, as anyone who has ever worked in Res Life knows, sometimes you just *HAVE* to get off campus. Go ANYWHERE but somewhere on campus. So we'd gather up in Chris or Lisa's car and go to Chuy's. We'd go there to get non-campus food and talk, and just relax.

It's such a tradition with us, that I even know their drink orders. Lisa always orders a margarita on the rocks. Chris always gets a Dr. Pepper. I vacillate between frozen strawberry margaritas, the dot, the swirl, or a Coke. But mostly strawberry margaritas.

After Lisa graduated, we started having Chuy's reunions. Chris was usually the organizer. He would round us and our significant others up, and we'd plan. One year it was Lisa and Gates, Justin and I, and Chris. Last year it was Lisa and Gates, Matt and I, and Chris. This year, I believe it's just Lisa, Chris and I, and maybe Lisa's Jeremy, who she recently got back together with, yay. But the core group remains the same. I think we'll probably do it yearly until Lisa moves back down to the area, then we will probably up the frequency.

We rarely talk except at these Chuy's get togethers. But this

is one of my favorite traditions. It's something I wouldn't even consider not going to. I've looked forward to this for almost a month. I can't wait until 7, to see my friends, eat some good Tex-Mex, and snark about everything and anything we can.

Texas Ranch Chicken

One night last week, I was having a home ec type day. I had spent it sewing cloth pads for my future bleeding needs, and I also felt like cooking and baking. I mixed up some brownies, and was still in the mood to make magic in the kitchen. Problem was, there wasn't a lot to make. My mom had some frozen chicken in the freezer, which I had set out in the morning to thaw, but we didn't really have anything to flavor it up with. So I went online, and found the following recipe on allrecipes.com:

Texas Ranch Chicken

This is a baked chicken recipe I created as a single mother one night when the cupboard seemed bare. Variation: In place of dressing and mozzarella cheese, use sour cream and Cheddar cheese - slices or shredded. Prep Time: approx. 10 Minutes. Cook Time: approx. 35 Minutes. Ready in: approx. 45 Minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Printed from Allrecipes, Submitted by Jan Kinnard

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2 teaspoons olive oil
1 1/2 pounds skinless, boneless chicken parts
1 1/2 cups Ranch-style salad dressing
2 cups shredded mozzarella cheese

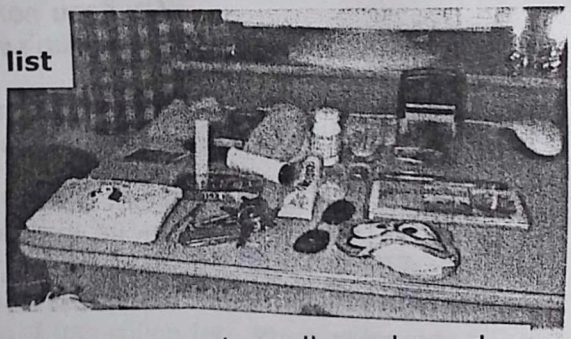
Directions
Preheat oven to 350 degrees F (175 degrees C). Spread the olive oil in a 9x13 inch baking dish.

Arrange chicken in the dish, and cover with the dressing. It's best to place chicken pieces close together so that the cheese and the dressing do not burn on the bottom of the pan.

Bake for 20 minutes in the preheated oven. Remove from heat, top with mozzarella cheese, and return to the oven. Continue cooking for about 15 minutes, until the cheese is melted and lightly browned and the chicken is no longer pink and juices run clear.

It was absolutely delicious. And easy as pie to make. I can't recommend it enough, seriously. It's amazing what three ingredients + cooking oil can do for dinner. I recommend serving it up with fresh green beans or salad, or something really green, since the recipe does use both cheese and Ranch dressing. You need something to compensate for the high fat content. Anyway, make it

What's In My Handbag, a list



-cell phone, perpetually forgotten, and usually uncharged. Old mode, Kyocera QCP 2035 a, thus no games except Brick Attack. I'm lucky I can get text messages on this thing!

-Keroppi tissues, given to me by a friend. They were useful at the wedding I was at recently

-red star socks, for when my feet get too cold at the office, as they kept it on permafrost there.

turning three

twenty four

-clear eyes eyedrops (I have a lot of eye related drama, folks)

-Gold Bond cream, as I have a metal allergy that is usually aggravated every time I go out shopping. (Carts, hangers are the main culprits)

-Burts Bees Lip Balm, best in the world

-Clip on sunglasses

-tweezers and a mini utility knife, with mini scissors

-Tums, just in case

-an emergency feminine hygiene pad, probably around a year old and I've never had to use it. Heh.

-Berry mint floss (it was on sale, and I found out why, but when you need floss, you need it!)

-mini lint roller. I have 2 cats, and countless strays. You do the math

-Orbit Spearmint gum, my gum of choice

-mini brush with a red hair elastic stuck around it, though now that's useless since I cut all my hair off.

-glasses repair kit, including screws, screwdriver, cloth, cleaner and handy case. I use this a lot! My glasses are 4 years old and I'm making do til I get next year's tax return.

-Sesame St Checkbook, used almost exclusively to write out my student loan payment checks.

-Fusion uniball pens, one pink and one purple.

-red disk, stolen from work, with a piece for a future zine stored on it.

twenty six

-Lime Lite Lightsticks, in case I ever need a light where there is none, I guess.

-my notary stamp

-a Tylenol bottle, filled with Tylenol, Aleve, my migraine medicine, and Pepto Bismol Tablets

-a coin purse Meredith Tucker gave me, with $4.64 in change.

-Keys, with a broken utility knife as the keychain. On it are 2 house keys, one work key, and some car keys (mom's, dad's, old car probably) and some other keys I don't know what they're for.

-Wallet, containing: my Texas ID/drivers' permit; debit card; $3; Kroger Plus Card; 2 Subway Sub Club Cards with 4 tickets on one, none on the other; A Planned Parenthood card with the date of my next appointment left blank; a

Luby's $10 giftcard; my old University of Houston student ID; a half used prepaid phone card; my old temporary driver's permit; a Torrid frequent buyer card (all I need to buy is $75 before I get 15% off; my friend Melanie's business card; my boss's business card with everyone's numbers written on the back

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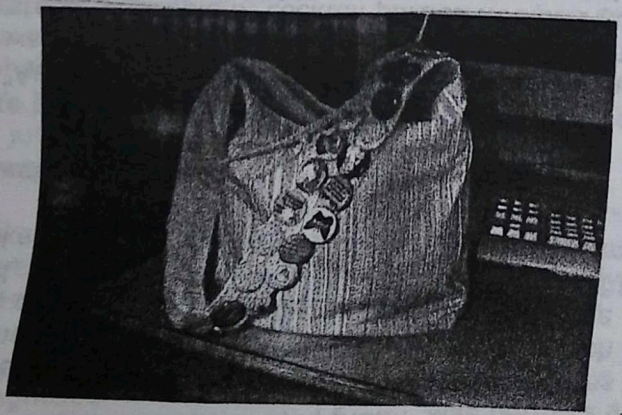


The purse itself was given to me by my friend Lisa as a bridesmaid's gift. I put a bunch of 1" buttons, which I collect, on the strap. It's pink and orange and white striped, not something I would've chosen for myself though I do like it. And now you know what I carry with me daily.

Character Sketch

I'd like to build a character around someone who would say this: "As a child, I used to tell grown ups that when I grew up, I wanted to have a job where I had a title no one understood so people at cocktail parties wouldn't go on and on about how interesting my job must be. Also, I thought that those were the jobs that paid well. Turns out, I was right. For years, I was a systems analyst, and people would smile grimly and say, 'How wonderful,' and then turn to get

some more punch or dip. After 5 years, I decided I'd changed my mind, that I didn't care to attend cocktail parties anymore, so I quit on the spot, and have been living off my savings. I am studying to be a librarian. I've already bought a pencil skirt and flouncy white top to look the part. The only bad thing about almost being a librarian is that I have started lying about my profession when people ask what I do, because I know if I tell the truth, I'll be asked if it's true that shy librarians are really tigers in the sack, and I just can't stand to wreck the fantasy lives of men like that anymore."

Also someone who'd say, "My mother used to tell me everything. She had no female friends, and thus one evening mentioned to me that she'd had bloody stools for a couple days. I was, naturally, a little disgusted, but suggested she see a doctor. Two days later, my mom was diagnosed with colorectal cancer. Colorectal. I'd always thought the word sounded funny, was perhaps a joke in and

of itself. It wasn't so funny now."

And perhaps she'll talk about acne she still has, though she's no longer a teenager, but in an interesting way. And maybe no one but me will love this character, but that is perfectly fine with me.

Missing the Workshops

Last night I was thinking of my creative writing classes. God, how I miss them.

Most of the time in these classes, they'd be pretty free-form. The classes generally had a "topic," but the teachers were writers also and knew that most of us weren't particularly inspired to write to prompts. So we'd usually read a story that illustrated something we'd be studying, and then workshop whatever we wanted to, regardless if it

was what we were studying or not. Things that fit in with the lecture were granted priority though.

I had three great, memorable teachers: Steve Wolfe, Martin Scott, and Glenn Blake (whose autographed book I have, and I always look for in chain stores when I stop in). These guys really helped form my writing, and just amazed me. I remember some great quote from Glenn (it always was weird for me to call them by their first names but for some reason they refused to answer to Mr. Blake or what have you). We had people in class who insisted on writing non-fiction (in a Fiction Forms class) and they'd get upset in the critique because it was stuff that really happened and had an emotional impact on them. So he'd say, "Don't show us your underwear drawer and then get upset when we laugh at the stains." I thought that was pretty good advice, literally and figuratively. Also, Glenn really liked to drink, so

he kept trying to organize a class outing to a bar. We managed to go to the U of H Hilton bar once, and on the last day of class, we all brought drinks and food and had a little party. One guy in our class was a bartender and he brought blue margaritas. They were sweet and hardly tasted alcoholic but boy-o-boy were they! I loved the two classes I took from Glenn! Marty was an amazing poet, though we didn't find out until the last day of class until he read from his collection. I still look for his work, but can't find anything that's not anthologized. He intimidated me somewhat, but I enjoyed his class and learned how to critique better by watching and listening to how he would critique. Steve Wolfe was my Comp 1 teacher, and he made us read *Krapp's Last Tape,* by Samuel Beckett, which was awful, but a good play to write a paper on. I had really enjoyed his class and was thrilled to the point of tears when

I found out he'd be teaching a class I needed to take. He was a great teacher for the creative writing class as well. On the last day he brought us bagels, though I didn't eat any. The good thing about him is that he was truthful, but tried very hard to encourage everyone, even the ones that were awful. I think I was his pet student. Maybe not though. I usually stayed after to discuss things, and he was always recommending me books to read. He made us write to prompts sometimes but they were very loose and open to wide interpretation. He also recognized that most writers aren't all too inspired by prompts and assigned us a few "free writing" stories, which just meant we could write about anything we wanted to.

The masochist in me loved being workshopped. I liked to hear what they thought of my stuff. By about 3 weeks in, I knew these people and whether or not I should listen to their criticisms. The thing I think I loved so much about being workshopped was that they had no reason to like it.

They had no reason to lie and say it was good if it wasn't. If they liked it, it succeeded on its own, as art. If they didn't, they generally gave me good constructive criticism and tips on improving it.

I remember one story I wrote that I was trying really hard to use metaphor and religious symbolism, but it didn't work out so well. I am proud, though, that I at least tried, and everyone else in my class was writing literal narrative. But I guess I was expected to experiment more, as I was one of three creative writing students in the class. Everyone else was taking it for fun. (Grr, and we wonder why creative writing majors generally can't graduate in only 4 years, since non-majors slip into the classes unnoticed.)

I don't have the option of being workshopped anymore. It's hard to put out zines, knowing that I may not get a single shred of feedback. I desperately want to be a part of a writer's group, with people who I can respect, craft-wise. But not online. Those groups, because there isn't face-to-face interaction, are either full of peppy people who can't write, people who can write but are sarcastic jerks, or people who don't really know how to critique. At least, that's been my experience. But if I get desperate enough, maybe I'll seek that out. I just miss being part of a writer's community, however loose those ties were.

Ordinary

The more I insist I'm a terrifyingly ordinary person, the more others believe I'm hiding something unique and special. I know I can't make them believe the truth, but I feel bad when they realize I was telling the truth all along and they believed things of me that were never the case. I

feel like I'm somehow letting them down, but there's nothing I can do, and it's a helpless feeling.

Reaction to Mine, an Anthology of Women's Choices

I just finished reading *Mine, an anthology of women's choices*. I feel sick after reading it, because of the way so many women were made to feel due to their choices to save their own lives instead of some potential human being's life. Why is it that a potential life is looked upon as sacred, yet the woman's life, a life that is here and now, a life that is not merely potential, is not sacred at all? It's almost not even relevant, to hear some people tell it.

I have always wanted to do some kind of work in sex

education or women's health, and this zine makes me want to do something in that field all the more. I don't know how long I could do work in this field, as I know I'd get burned out and angry very quickly, because so many people are resisting education about their own bodies. The medical establishment doesn't want us to know about herbal remedies, self-care, or anything other than hospitalized medicine and pharmaceuticals. It's all about money and power. If we take care of ourselves and understand our bodies, doctors have no power over us. They also will not make money off our ailments. But that's another rant for another time.

I don't know how long I could last teaching women (and men) about sex education. I don't know how long I could counsel women who are about to have an abortion. I don't know how long I could pass out condoms to high school kids, or whatever I do in the field. I'd get flak for it from somewhere. Funding is always being cut for such programs. There is constant frustration in it. I came away from just

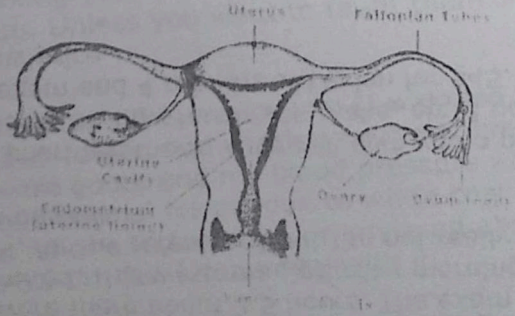
reading about someone in this field feeling futile and angry and sad at the same time, so I can't even imagine how I'd feel if I actually worked in the field.

But yet, I want to anyway. I feel passionate about the subject, and that passion hasn't gone away ever since I first learned that an organization known as Planned Parenthood existed. I've always vowed that as soon as I get a vehicle, I will volunteer at Planned Parenthood, in whatever capacity I could. I still plan on doing so.

I highly recommend reading this zine. If you can get your hands on it, do. I also highly recommend talking with people about this, to try to discover why exactly a potential life somehow has more value than a life currently being lived. Or just to open the lines of communication about the topic. Almost all of the women who wrote pieces for the zine talked about how they felt they had no one to talk to about their experiences. That women with children constantly talked about their experiences, yet the women who had had abortions couldn't talk about something that had had a profound effect on their lives.

I want to see, in my lifetime, a culture where abortion is not taboo, and is generally accepted as a medical procedure, covered by insurance, and not surrounded with shame, guilt, and embarrassment. I have my doubts about that happening, but I have hope, too

Live Vicariously Through My Vagina



So you have your first appointment at Planned Parenthood and want to know what to expect? Well, here is what my

first appointment was like with them. Read on.

1. You will wait. And wait. And fill out paperwork. And wait. All told, we were there about 2.5 hours. The exam took about 15 minutes. This was on a Saturday morning at 10 a.m., (Feb 14, for my reference) but I'm not really sure when they're busiest.

2. If you are poor, tell them. They will give you a price break, depending on how much you make, etc. I got the well woman exam and 4 months of Levlen for $45. Shockingly low price.

3. I talked to some very interesting women in the waiting room. There was a 14 year old getting her first exam. I tried to calm her down cause she was scared and told her it wasn't really terrible, etc. I personally don't mind paps. I've certainly had to do more unpleasant things. It's not my favorite thing, but I don't really dread it or fear it.

4. Call around to local PPs if you have a choice, and go to

the one where the receptionist is most helpful/friendly. If the person answering the phone sounds stressed, try finding a location where they don't sound stressed out. I recommend going to a clinic where abortions aren't performed, so you won't have to deal with abortion protesters calling you names, even though you're just there for a check up. Unless you want to taunt them or something.

5. Preliminary stuff. They weigh you (I weighed 262 eep!), check your iron levels, and check your blood pressure. My iron levels were good, and my blood pressure was a little high but that's normal for me due to white coat syndrome. I was pleased no one lectured me or anything about my weight. I know I'm fat, let me deal with it.

6. The exam. For the uninitiated, breast exam, where they check for lumps. Most women have lumpy breasts, but you

are supposed to be able to tell the difference. Then the pap. The worst parts of that are the insertion the speculum, and the scraping part where they scrape to get cells to make sure you don't have abnormal cells. It's all pretty uncomfortable, but not terrible. It was over in less than 5 minutes, and my doc was awesome, we laughed a ton at vagina type jokes. She said I was pretty healthy. Yay!

7. We discussed different types of the Pill. I've previously been on Mircette and Yasmin. This doctor put me on Levlen, which I got free, because she thought that if I was going to skip periods, I needed more estrogen because on Yasmin, I had breakthrough bleeding the second month. Also the headaches I get in connection with my periods, according to this doctor, aren't migraines. We talked about headaches a bit and she told me to keep a detailed headache diary so we can see what's going on there. She said that she thinks

some of my headaches are hormone-influenced. I haven't started them yet, but will when I run out of Yasmin.

8. When I go back to get the rest of the year's pills, they'll check how I'm doing on the ones they gave me, and if everything's cool, I get the rest of the year's worth. It will only cost $25. What a deal!

9. Privacy concerns: I was worried about putting my phone number down because I didn't want them calling me. But they make you put SOMEONE's number and are aggressive about calling you if you get abnormal results back. So I just put mine down. She said that if you don't have anon. calling blocked, it would come up anonymous, and if the machine got it, she'd just say, "This is Sherry from the clinic, please call XXX-XXXX." So that was cool. They also said that if I didn't want them calling, to call for my test results myself in two weeks to avoid the concern all together. So that is what I will do.

10. I only went in for a well woman exam. I didn't get blood drawn, or anything more involved than a normal Pap smear basically, so I am not sure how this clinic is with other procedures, but I would think they'd be good with those too. They seem very professional in general, with one exception. The one thing that wasn't so professional was that I heard someone discussing something in the hall about a patient, and I knew who it was because she had sat next to me in the waiting room. The problem was the woman didn't speak Spanish and the doctor didn't speak English though, and they had to discuss things in the hall. They were talking quietly though, so I don't know what else they could've done to preserve that woman's privacy. I could also hear them while they were in the exam room, through the thin walls, but that seems normal in other doctor offices

too, so I don't know. It was a small concern of mine but I guess there's only so much they can do to keep things private.

11. I heard one of the patients there say they didn't want to complain about anything because it was so cheap, but I think if they had, it would've been okay, because they seemed pretty accommodating. They didn't make me feel like I deserved less service or not as good a quality of service cause I was poor. Which was good. I felt like I got better and more attention than I do when I go to my family doctor and pay out the wazoo. I was about 100 times more comfortable with them, too.

I'm so pleased with the experience I've had with PP. If you live in the Houston area, visit the Stafford clinic. The doctor

for my Six

there is a woman, and she's actually a nurse practitioner. I was worried I'd have a bad experience there since so many people I know have, but mine was wonderful. Anyway, that's my story.

(Addition: I was a little disappointed that they didn't get back to me for a long time with test results, but it ended up being okay. I did put that I wanted communication by mail only so that is probably what took so long. But overall, I'm still pleased with them, and will be going next week to get the next check up. If I have time, I need to compile my headache diary entries to take with me.)

God Doesn't Make A Whole Lot of Sense Sometimes

I got Sonic for my lunch. I told my mom I'd pay for hers since she was having a bad day and she just burst out crying. Did I ever feel like crap for that. I was only trying to do one nice thing for her and I got her to cry.

She was upset about many things, some of them money related, and some not, but it seems like every time something starts going okay, stuff starts going wrong again. And then more stuff, and more, until it's a veritable shit storm of stuff going wrong.

She was talking about how this is how her life always seems to go, and I couldn't really disagree with her. Lately especially things haven't been going good. Heavy on my mind were a couple really bad things I know that happened that she doesn't know about. I wanted to say it would all turn out okay, but I'm not really sure it will.

She mentioned how with all the shit that keeps happening, she's not sure there's really a God up there anymore. Sometimes I wonder myself. It pisses me off that now that I'm trying to reestablish some kind of wary relationship with religion/diety, it seems like everything is falling apart. Way to try to force me to you, God. This didn't work before, what makes you think I'll draw closer to you in times of tragedy now?

Lately I've been thinking about dying a lot. Not about killing myself, but that I guess I wouldn't care if I died, etc. I don't think I really mean it, but I'm fucking depressed. I feel like crying all the time. Last night I thought about selling about half of what I own, partly to get money, though, so I don't

know if that counts. I don't really look forward to a lot lately. Every thing seems so far off in the future, impossibly impossibly far.

Mary

I was in bed trying to sleep and I couldn't. I'm not sure why she crossed my mind, but she did.

I still can't believe that I didn't bail once I knew she was essentially cheating on her boyfriend with me. We never really got around to the good stuff, but what we did get around to still was cheating for her, in spirit if not in deed.

I suppose that a lot of why we never got to the good stuff was that always in the back of my head, my little Jiminy Cricket kept chirping that it wasn't right. Because people who cheat on their S.O.s have to have someone who either doesn't know about the S.O. or doesn't care about them.

This guy sounded like an awful person from what she told me so I tried not to care for awhile, to think that he deserved this, but ultimately, I couldn't let it go on any more, because I couldn't even go into her house, had to wait in the car in a sketchy neighborhood so he wouldn't get suspicious IF HE WAS EVEN HOME when we went to her place so she could pick up a jacket one night.

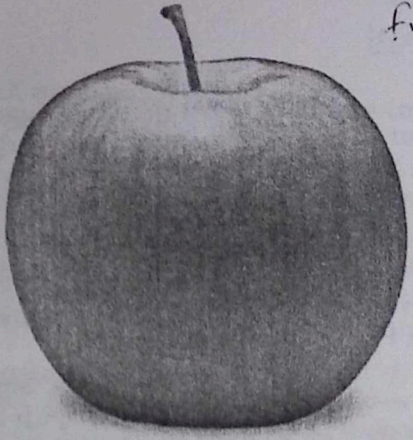
I wonder if she ever dumped him. Maybe they deserved each other though. It seemed like she was making the move to leave him, but she wanted to make sure I was going to be there for her. My support wavered because I didn't believe she actually would, and I became really angry at how she had been treating me, in a very manipulative way. She really didn't care about me. She just wanted to

sex me. Seriously. If we got together and she didn't get something out of the deal, she would get really pissy and whiney. Reminds me of another ex, in fact. She only called me when she was horny and wanted to talk dirty. Which I wasn't into, partly cause 5 people share the same phone line, and partly cause phone sex isn't my thing. And half the time, she cancelled on me because her bf needed her for something or other. Lame stuff, too. I got tired of it, picked a fight and broke things off with her. Haven't spoken since. I think she left me angry messages on my Yahoo messenger but I haven't used it in like, a year.

So yeah, I was thinking about that and how I wish I'd have listened to my conscience when it was chirping about how wrong it felt to be doing this with someone who was taken, who didn't have permission, etc. I feel like I compromised myself and my beliefs in that situation. I don't intend to do that again. If I ever have another girlfriend. It doesn't feel like I ever will. I haven't been seriously interested in many chicks ever since the Mary debacle.

fifty one

Grapples



I love grocery shopping, especially buying produce. I love trying new weird fruits, and to a lesser extent, vegetables. It's not often they have new fruits in the location I go to, though I always check the organic section and the "Produce of the World" sections. Anyway, on one such trip, I noticed packages of what looked like apples. I thought to myself how odd it was to package apples like that. But upon closer

inspection, it turned out it was a new fruit. Grapples! (Pronounced Grape-Ls) Essentially they are Fiji apples infused with Concord grape flavoring. They taste best after being refrigerated, in my opinion. They're supposed to taste like a mix of grape and apple. To me, they smell most like grapes, and taste most like apples with a light hint of grape flavoring. The apples I got were slighter firmer than most Fiji (or is it Fuji?) apples I've had, and were delicious.

I spent the next few weeks telling all my friends about these delicious fruits, and several of my pals bought some and loved them. I found a website for the company that distributes them and wrote a fan letter to them basically (in hopes of a free coupon or something). I didn't get one, but I'm a true Grapple fan and wanted to share with my readers about these lovely fruits. Go get you one! (Or four, since they sell them in 4-packs.) If you don't have them in your area, visit http://www.getfitfoods.com/grapple_story.html and read about it. If it still sounds good, email them and ask for them to work with grocers in your area to get some in stock!

Stegosaurus!

I love stegosauruses. If you know nothing else about me, you probably know that. I collect them in any shape, size, form, color. Many people wonder what the story behind it is. I guess most people expect some cool story, but there really isn't one. My buddy Kelly used to say, when she was happy about something I had done or whatever, "You rock steg-style!" And I started sending notes to her in the mail that were stegosaurus shaped when I wanted to say she rocked, etc. It snowballed from there, and it's gotten to the point where the stegosaurus is my totem animal. I am always so happy to see one, because they're fairly rare an obsession. They're just so cute and spikey, yet loveable. They always make me smile.

Odd Moment for A Self-Proclaimed Childfree Person

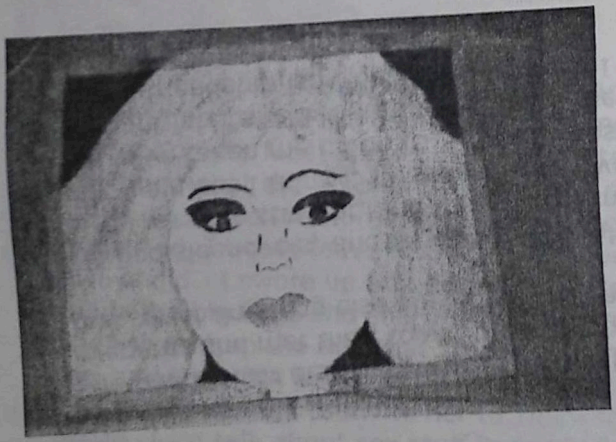
I was at my good friend's wedding reception recently, and there were, of course, many babies in attendance. This didn't really bother me much as the parents kept them close, and they weren't disruptive. But there was one baby who liked to be passed around. She would point to someone, and that would mean she wanted that person to hold her. Eventually, she pointed at me! I took her in my arms of course, and she bobbed her head to the music, so I danced her around a little. She liked it, and was smiled broadly. I gave her back after the song, but she kept coming back to me throughout the night. She liked to be spun around and jiggled around like I was dancing with her. She also liked to be walked, with me holding her arms for better balance. She was so darling, sweet, and such a good baby. For awhile it made me sad to think I won't have sweet baby moments since I won't be having children. In that moment, I questioned my choice, and thought maybe a baby wasn't something to rule out. I felt sad that I might miss out on the singular experience of being a mother.

(But then, during Lisa's wedding a had a lot of weird moments. I thought about how sad it was that I wouldn't be able to have a wedding like hers, due to money and the fact that my family just doesn't dance or party. It was a nice wedding, but it made me feel really lonely.)

But then, I ran into a mother who had to change a really wiggly baby's really messy diaper in dress clothes, and suddenly came to my senses!

Painting

I haven't painted in ages. But recently I had a computer meltdown and couldn't get online, so to stave off boredom, I bought some acrylics and canvass and went to town. My result?



I'm fairly pleased with how it turned out, though it started out as a Hedwig and the Angry Inch tribute picture. Now it's just a blonde woman with a white white white face. It's promised to a friend of mine if I can ever get enough $ to send it out!

Sara fifty eight

Once I had a good friend who lived a couple doors down from me in college. She was very strange. She had been homeless for a long time and only recently had found a more permanent home. Her belongings were obviously dumpster-dived and thrifted. But I kind of liked that about her.

She had bipolar disorder, with psychotic ideation. She told everyone she met that, too. She was totally unashamed of that, or of anything else about her. It was charming to me.

We had sleepovers, and we flirted, though she always said that I was too straight, and that she wasn't attracted to me that way, but I think if I had made a move on her, she would've taken me up on it. I didn't, mostly because I thought later she'd regret it and I was the responsible one in the friendship, so I behaved. Though I did think she was cute in an androgynous way.

One day towards the end of the year, nearing my graduation, she started being a bitch to me. Would slam the door on my face, and wouldn't really talk to me. I asked her what the problem was and she said she was detaching herself from me, because she knew when I graduated, I would leave her completely behind as everyone always did. I swore up and down that I would not, but we still had a big fight and she wouldn't talk to me for days. She brought up the fact that I once said she embarrassed me, and that that had hurt her. I apologized. (Though it was true, I wanted to invite her to Thanksgiving but was afraid she'd talk about sex stuff in front of my family at the dinner table, because she had no inner censor.) We patched things up eventually and she got me a totally impractical but totally Sara graduation gift, some bamboo wind chimes. I loved them, sort of. I only liked them because she had given them to me.

I tried to keep in touch with her, but more often than not hurried off the phone with her, as literally every time she called I was in the middle of something. Eventually she stopped calling. I called her a couple times but the phone would ring and no machine would pick up. We lost touch.

I left her behind, exactly as she had predicted. Strange that she knew me better than I knew myself.

I try to find her sometimes, but think mostly that I should leave well enough alone. Also I'm afraid that maybe she killed herself, and don't want to think of myself as somehow responsible for that, for leaving her friendless and making her more susceptible to the depression and suicidal tendencies she had. I do miss her, a lot, but maybe it's better that we're on separate paths.

Cat Music

So I have a cat named Hannah. She likes two types of sounds: me singing, and cellphone ring tones.

Whenever I feel like singing, I brlng my cat in, set up my stereo and put on music I think she'd like. She prefers higher pitched songs, and when I sing a song she likes, she crawls into my lap, purrs, and begs to be petted by rubbing her head on my hands.

I have recently discovered that she really likes Tori Amos's song China, dislikes Dar Williams except for the song Iowa, and likes Rent tolerably well. She doesn't like songs on the radio in particular, but if I sing along, that's when she purrs and wants to be petted.

I'm curious as to why she likes these things. I mean, it's odd that a cat would have such a strong reaction to music, as I've never heard of such a thing. Someone proposed that it was like a human equivalent of purring, and that when I sang, she crawls into my lap to feel the vibrations. I don't know, but I do often sing to my cat because I like it

when she gets into my lap like that. She's not generally a lap cat.

My boyfriend told me that I was a crazy cat lady because I try to choose songs I know my cat will like. I just don't care, label me if you will, but I prefer a happy purring cat over a non-happy non-purring cat any day.

First Kisses

Awhile ago, the gal who does Tenderfoot zine asked for submissions about first kisses. Unfortunately I did not make the deadline, but I still liked the idea. I wanted to rate the first kiss I've ever had with people I've kissed, sort of review the kiss, etc. So we'll see how this experiment turns out.

H- The first real kiss in a romantic context. Sloppy kisser, obviously his first kiss as well. Went right in for the kill, didn't let me take off my glasses and they got smooshed. Horrible breath, I nearly died. It tasted like old meat and socks. Tried to French me, but I pulled back. I remember laughing afterwards, because it was so horrible. I was thinking, "That's what all the fuss was about?" But I covered and said, "Oh, I am just laughing cause it was a surprise." Ugh. I give the kiss an F!

S- We were being silly and she dared me to kiss her, so I did. It was a closed mouth kiss, and dry. We both could've used some chapstick. But she had nice lips and it was a sweet, chaste type kiss. I liked it okay, but it wasn't spectacular. B-

J- Our first kiss was very soft and nice. He had little lips and didn't like to make out or French kiss, which was fine with me. We kissed a few quick, firm, nice kisses. A pleasant first kiss. B+

M- I remember (incorrectly, he tells me) that he kissed me on the top of my head the first time we met, but that doesn't really count, so the real first kiss between us was much anticipated, at least by me, and so freaking hot. It was firm, and just wet enough, and damn he has good lips. I wanted more. And I got it. Just a tiny kiss from him still gets me all excited. A++++

M- She had a strange way of kissing. It remember feeling little hairs around her lips, that she had shaved and were growing back, and it really threw me. So much so that I can't really remember any of our kisses. I was so grossed out by that that I tried to avoid kissing her much and would rather get straight to the point. D.

Sixty five

The Blind Assassin

So I recently finished reading Margaret Atwood's The Blind Assassin. Whoa, talk about a downer of a book. It's so cynical. I mean, the gist of the book, to me anyway, is that if you don't make a difference, and soon, your life will have been a waste. If you don't do something, you won't be remembered after you're gone. And even if you do, well, it will be perverted and twisted after your death so it really doesn't matter at all.

This dovetails nicely into my annual summer depression. There is a historical reason for my depression getting worse in the summer: money problems. It's always been slim pickins for my family in the summer. We get creative with meals because we typically don't have enough money for food in the summer time. (My dad works as a substitute

teacher for the schools and summer he is down to one job usually.) Not to mention the boredom, and the feeling that the year is half over and I haven't accomplished half of what I want yet. I tend to sleep too much in the summer and feel low energy because of the heat, too. So the book I just finished has introduced the depression quite nicely.

I should consider getting off my Margaret Atwood kick this summer and try to read something more fluffy and cheerful, at least until the heat subsides.

Sixty sec

Do Animals Have A Soul?

I am convinced that some animals have conscious thought and that they have a soul. My cat looks at me and it's clear what she's thinking about 9 times out of 10. I know she loves me, and I feel like she can feel things. I don't think I'm just projecting emotion onto her, nor am I attributing traits to her that aren't really there. If you spend a certain amount of time with an animal, and love it, I think most

people will feel the same as I do. I hope that if there is a heaven or afterlife, my Hannah cat will be there to spend it with me.

W

I may complain a lot about being unhappy, but there is one aspect of my life with which I am gleeful. I love my boyfriend so very much it's ridiculous. We fit together very well, while still having a lot of different interests. I only get to see him on weekends, and I would prefer to see him more often, but I make do. The best feeling in the world is curling up next to him, naked, and just laying there watching Star Trek. He has introduced me to a lot of great things, among them Flickerstick, Fluxx, Queensryche's Operation Mindcrime, his cat, gaming, conspiracy FACTS,

Klingons and their cuisine, and so so much I'm no doubt overlooking. Even after two years, I still feel fluttery when I first see him after a week without spending time together. Heartheartheart! It's obnoxious, but hey, I figured I should reward you with some happiness after wallowing through my misery.

Diet/Exercise

So recently I've started trying to eat better, but on my own terms. Along with my boyfriend, I've cut out all Cokes (sodas), 99% of fast food, and am trying to exercise at least a bit. I've been doing pretty well on the first two. I haven't had a Coke since April, and the only fast food I've had has been Subway and one salad from McDonald's (w/ dressing but eaten the Weight Watchers way). The exercise front has ben tougher for me but my dad of all people has inspired me. I've seen him working out on my Gazelle machine every dang time I open the door to my room

lately, and if he can do it, well golly then so can I! I'm not doing this to try to lose weight, though that would be a great side benefit. I just want to feel better, and so far, it seems to be working!

My Sister

My sister is great.

I was 7 years old when she was born at home. I remember parts clearly. My brother and I were there for the birth, with my dad and the midwife. I started out in the room but got scared when my mom started hurting and went and watched the birth from the top bunk bed in the room across the hall.

As we were growing up, my sister wanted to do everything I was doing and be just like me. It irritated me, because she

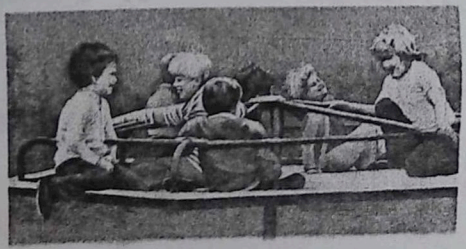
was trying to do things that were not for her yet, she was too young. Also I just wanted to do my own thing without a tag along. But most of the time I had to take her along anyway.

After I went to college and returned home, my sister and I started to get along really well. She'd gotten some time to do her own thing and find out who she really is. She is becoming a grown up. We have interests in common, like body modding, movies, boding over being annoyed with my dad, etc. She is a cosmetology student and likes to practice on me since I have the longest hair out of everyone in the family excluding her. She doesn't remember a lot of her growing up stories, but I do, in vivid detail, and I often tell them to her. It's nice to finally get along and feel like I not only have a sister, I also have a friend.

Dizzy

I've been getting dizzy a lot lately, which is neither here nor there really, but one night, laying in bed fighting that dizziness, I just decided to let go, and when I did, it felt odd. It was like when you're small and can lie down easily on a merry go round. And you have your friends spin it all around and you're spinning and spinning and when it stops, you still feel it spinning. And you're dizzy for awhile, but you kind of like the feeling.

I kind of liked it, and drifted off to sleep happy. I dreamt of happier moments from my childhood.



seventy four

Performing

As a teenager, I performed fairly regularly in talent shows and at church. I sang, decently though not spectacularly, but I loved doing it. After a performance, I'd get a lot of compliments, some more sincere than others. I blushed when people were too complimentary. I loved the thrill of being in front of people singing, the way my voice sounded in the microphone, the attention.

I quit attending church in my late teens and basically haven't sung publicly, minus karaoke bars, since then. But recently, I went to a place I hadn't been before, and wowed 'em. People came up to me and complimented me, and I

remembered that old warm feeling. I miss performing so much. Though I know I could never hit it big, it would be nice to perform more often.

I was asked to sing for a wedding recently, and I now wish I'd taken my friend up on that. She asked me to be in her wedding as a bridesmaid first, but said that if I couldn't afford the duds and such, that she would like me to sing instead. I chose to be a bridesmaid but wish I had been able to perform again. Hopefully I can have another similar opportunity as more and more of my friends get married.

Prom

It's prom season. My sister went to her first prom wearing my old dress, taken in. It made me think of my prom. I only went because I was afraid I'd regret not going when I was older.

It cost $50 for a ticket, and probably $150 for duds and accessories and transportation, etc. I went stag, with my pal Angela. We rode in my dad's car. He dropped us off and we rode home to another friend's house for a non-alcoholic after party. (I ended up calling my dad around 7 a.m. because I didn't want to sleep there, and we stayed up that long.)

Anyway, my dress was only $85 and it didn't fit all that well, but it was shiny and long. I danced a few songs, hardly ate because it was too dark in there for me to see what I was

getting. Someone stuffed a crab claw in my purse as a joke, which pissed me off. The prom king and queen were some popular kids that probably got married and had 4 kids within 4 years or something pathetic like that.

I don't regret going, but let's just say prom was highly overrated. Perhaps if I had had a date that I wanted to sex, I would've had a better time, but I wasn't interested in anyone my age in high school, and all the boys I considered going with were gay or Christian, and I couldn't see paying $50 for their ticket if they were merely escorting me as a friend.

So yeah, that's how my prom was. I hope yours was better!

Want more of me?

Email: [redacted]@hotmail.com
Livejournal: [redacted].livejournal.com
www.Neopets.com: [redacted]
DeviantART: [redacted].deviantart.com
www.nationstate.net (The Rogue Nation of Sabbysteg)
robotorgy.pharse.com: [redacted]
AIM: [redacted]
Distro: home.houston.rr.com/sabbysjunk

Soundtrack for Sabulous #2:
Alison Krauss, Now That I've Found You, a Collection
Tegan and Sara, a mix I made

Flickerstick, Causing a Catastrophe Live
Guster, So Long

Buy me with:
a Netflix subscription
Intuition razorblade replacements
non-traditionally colored mascara
zines
letters
Neopets happy meal toys
giftcards to Torrid, Panera, & Target

Stevenly Nino

Eighty 3

Thanks to:
All distros that carry my zines
Miranda
Suzannah
Kelly
Ruth
Priscilla
Matt
Melanie
Rabidgirl/Heather
Claire
Karyn
The zine community at large
Readers like you
Graham crackers
Raspberry iced tea
Raspberry Kool Aid
My computer
Hannah, Spencer, Blackbeard, Smoky and the kittens

Zines that have inspired me lately:
A Girl Called Mike (http://www.girlswirl.net/)

Cartography for Beginners #3- Saved by the Bell Issue (lj@emotionlotion.org)
Chocoholic (nurdsteph@yahoo.com)
Oh January 3 (Chelsea@rollerskaterock.com)

And life wouldn't be complete if I didn't have about 7 projects going at once:

PLEASE SUBMIT

I am going comp-zine crazy lately. I am looking at finishing them all by August if possible, so please submit anything. If I use your piece, I will send you a free contributor's copy! Submit to Sabby_darling@hotmail.com

1. Bisexuality. Write about anything having to do with this topic. You don't even have to be bi, just tell me your thoughts on bisexuality. Also looking for erotica, coming out stories, essays on bisexual issues, fiction, and to a lesser extent, poetry.

2. Two by Four #2. This was a zine I put out a year ago about being fat. I have taken this up again as something I want to do. Send any articles, fiction, erotica, essays, fat politics/issues, or anything related to being fat on to me. Recipes, health topics, and poetry will be considered but are less likely to be included unless they knock my socks off.

3. Karaoke stories! Submit your funny, poignant, serious, or drunken karaoke stories. I want to do a zine about the cult of karaoke, so it's best if you've gone karaoke-ing several times to kind of understand the scene, but even if you've only been once, no doubt you have some stories as karaoke folks are very interesting. Send them on!

REVIEW ZINE:

A friend and I are starting a review zine. Please submit your zines to my address and we will review your zine!

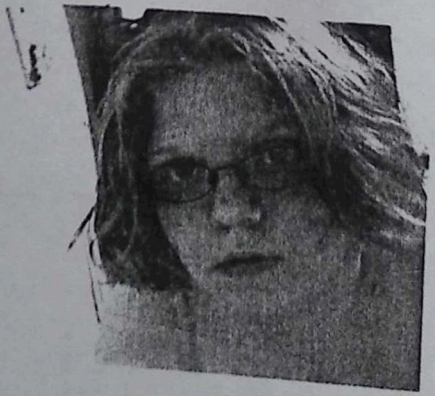
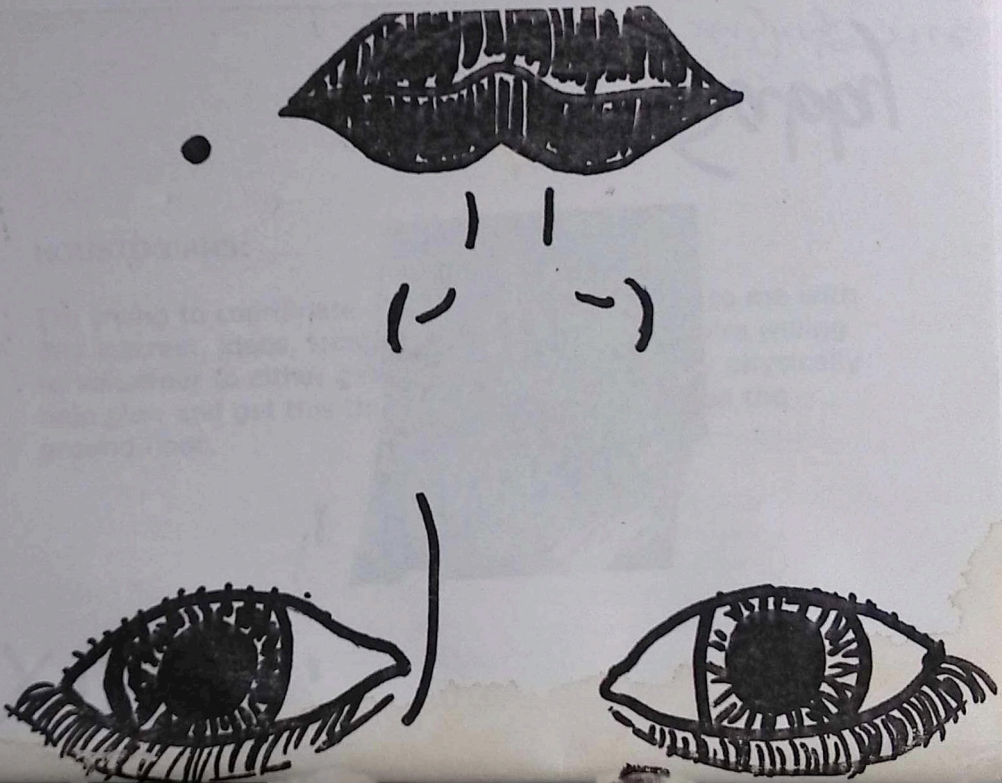
DISTRO:

Visit my zine distro.
http://home.houston.rr.com/sabbysjunk. Great rates on shipping. Often I have offers and specials going on too. Check it out, come back early and often!

HOUSTONIANS:

I'm trying to coordinate a zine fest. Please reply to me with any interest, ideas, location possibilities, or if you're willing to volunteer to either get the word out or actually physically help plan and get this thing into motion. Get in on the ground floor.

XOXO,



Sabby